The Mystery of The Yellow Room

By GASTON LEROUX

BY BRENTANO'S

CHAPTER VII.

In Which Rouletabille Sets Out on an Expedition Under the Bed.

OULETABILLE, having pushed open the door of the yellow room, paused on the threshold. The chamber was dark. Daddy Jacques was about to open the blinds when Rouletabille stopped him. "Did not the tragedy take place in complete darkness?" he asked.

"No, young man; I don't think so, Mademoiselle always had a night light on her table, and I lit it every evening before she went to bed. I was a sort of chambermaid, you must understand, when the evening came, The real chambermaid did not come here much before the morning, Mademoiselle worked late-far into the night."

Where did the table with the night light stand-far from the bed?"

'Some way from the bed."

"Can you light the burner now?" "The lamp is broken and the oil that was in it was spilled when the table was upset. All the rest of the things in the room remain just as they were. I have only to open the blinds for you "Walt."

Rouletabille went back into the laboratory, closed the shutters of the two windows and the door of the vestibule. When we were in complete darkness he lit a wax vesta and asked Daddy Jacques to move to the middle of the chamber with it to the place where the night light was burning that night.

Daddy Jacques, who was in his stockings-he usually left his sabots in the vestibule-entered the yellow room with his bit of a vesta. We vaguely distinguished objects overthrown on the floor, a bed in one corner and in front of us to the left the gleam of a looking glass hanging on the wall near to the bed.

That will do. You may now open the blinds," said Rouletabl"

"Don't come any fart' Daddy Jacques berned. "You make marks with your boots, and nothing must be deranged. It's an idea of the magistrate's, though he has nothing more to do here."

And he pushed open the shutter. The pale daylight entered from without, throwing a sinister light on the saffron colored walls. The floor-for though the laboratory and the vestibule were tiled the yellow room had a flooring of wood-was covered with a single yellow mat which was large room, under the bed and under the ture that remained upright. The center round table, the night table and two chairs had been overturned. These did not prevent a large stain of blood being visible on the mat, made, as Daddy Jacques informed us, by the blood which had flowed from the wound on Mile. Stangerson's forehead. Besides these stains drops of blood had fallen in all directions, in line with the visible traces of the footsteps, large and black, of the murderer. Everything led to the presumption that these drops of blood had fallen from the wound of the man who had for a moment placed his red hand on the wall. There were other traces of the same hand on the wall, but much

"See-see this blood on the wall!" I could not help exclaiming. "The man who pressed his hand so heavily upon it in the darkness must certainly have thought that he was pushing at a door. That's why he pressed on it so hard, leaving on the yellow paper the terrible evidence. I don't think there are many hands in the world of that sort. It is big and strong, and the fingers are nearly all one as long as the other. The thumb is wanting, and we have only the mark of the palm, but if we follow the trace of the hand," I continued, "we see that after leaving its imprint on the wall the touch sought the door, found it and then felt for the

"No doubt," interrupted Rouletabille chuckling, "only there is no blood either on the lock or on the bolt."

"What does that prove?" I rejoined, with a good sense of which I was proud. "He might have opened the thing that we could not see, which lock with his left hand, which would have been quite natural, his right hand being wounded."

"He didn't open it at all," Daddy Jacques again exclaimed. "We are not fools, and there were four of us when

we burst open the door.' "What a oneer hand! Look what a

queer hand it is!" I said.

"It is a very natural hand," said Rouletabille, "of which the shape has been deformed by its having slipped on the wall. The man dried his hand on the wall. He must be a man about five feet eight in height."

"How do you come at that?" "By the height of the marks on the

with the mark of the bullet in the

wall. It was a round hole.

from below."

Rouletabille went back to the door and carefully examined the lock and the bolt, satisfying himself that the door had certainly been burst open from the outside, and, further, that the key had been found in the lock on the inside of the chamber. He finally satisfied himself that with the key in the lock the door could not possibly be opened from without with another key. Having made sure of all these details, he let fall these words, "That's better!" Then, sitting down on the

ground, he hastily took off his boots and in his socks went into the room. The first thing he did was to examine minutely the overturned furniture. We watched him in silence.

"Young fellow, you are giving yourself a great deal of trouble," said Daddy Jacques ironically.

Rouletabille raised his head and

"You have spoken the simple truth, Daddy Jacques. Your mistress did not have her hair in bands that evening. I was a donkey to have believed she did."

Then, with the suppleness of a serpent, he slipped under the bed. Presently we heard him ask:

"At what time, M. Jacques, did M. and Mile. Stangerson arrive at the laboratory?" "At 6 o'clock."

The voice of Rouletabille continued: "Yes, he's been under here, that's certain. In fact, there was nowhere else where he could have hidden himself. Here, too, are the marks of his hobnails. When you entered, all four of you, did you look under the bed?"

"At once. We drew it right out of its

"And between the mattresses?" "There was only one on the bed, and on that mademoiselle was placed, and M. Stangerson and the conclerge immediately carried it into the laboratory. Under the mattress there was nothing but the metal netting, which could not conceal anything or anybody. Remember, monsieur, that there were four of us, and we couldn't fail to see everything, the chamber is so small and scantily furnished, and all was locked behind in the pavilion."

I ventured on a hypothesis: "Perhaps be got away with the mattress-in the mattress! Anything is possible in the face of such a mystery. In their distress of mind M. Stangerson and the conclerge may not have noticed they were bearing a double weight, especially if the concierge were an accomplice. I throw out this hypothesis for what it is worth, but it explains many things and particularly the fact that neither the laboratory enough to cover nearly the whole nor the vestibule bears any traces of dressing table, the only piece of furni- in carrying mademoiselle on the mattress from the laboratory they rested for a moment there might have been an opportunity for the man in it to escape."

"And then?" asked Rouletabille, deliberately laughing under the bed. I felt rather vexed and replied:

"I don't know, but anything appears

"The examining magistrate had the same idea, monsieur," said Daddy Jacques, "and he carefully examined the mattress. He was obliged to laugh it the idea, monsieur, as your friend is doing now, for whoever heard or materess having a double bottom?" My friend alone seemed able to talk telligently. He called out from unor the bed:

"The unt here has been moved out of place. Who did it?"

'We did, monsieur," explained Daddy Jacques. "When we could not find the assassin we asked ourselves whether there was not some hole in the floor."

"There is not," replied Rouletabille. "Is there a cellar?"

"No, there's no cellar. But that has not stopped our searching and has not prevented the examining magistrate and his registrar from studying the floor plank by plank, as if there had been a cellar under it."

The reporter then reappeared. His eyes were sparkling and his nostrils quivered. He remained on his hands and knees. Thus he made his way to the four corners of the room, so to speak, sniffing and going around everything-everything that we could see, which was not much, and everymust have been infinite.

The toilet table was a simple table standing on four legs. There was nothing about it by which it could possibly be changed into a temporary hiding place. There was not a closet or cupboard. Mile, Stangerson kept her wardrobe at the chateau.

Rouletabille literally passed his nose and hands along the walls, constructed of solid brickwork. When he had finished with the walls and passed his agile fingers over every portion of the yellow paper covering them he reached to the celling, which he was able to touch by mounting on a chair placed on the toilet table, and by moving this ingeniously constructed stage My friend next occupied himself from place to place he examined every foot of it. When he had finished his scrutiny of the ceiling, where he "This ball was fired straight, not carefully examined the hole made by from above, and consequently not the second bullet, he approached the

window and once more examined the iron bars and blinds, all of which were solid and intact. At last he gave a grunt of satisfaction and declared, 'Now I am at ease!"

"Well, do you believe that the poor dear young lady was shut up when she was being murdered-when she cried out for help?" wailed Daddy

"Yes," said the young reporter, drying his forehead; "the yellow room

was as tightly shut as an iron safe." "The Bete du Bon Dieu," muttered Daddy Jacques-"the Bete du Bon Dieu herself, if she had committed the crime, could not have escaped. Listen! Do you hear it? Hush!"

Daddy Jacques made us a sign to keep quiet and, stretching his arm toward the wall nearest the forest, listened to something which we could not hear.

"It's answering," he said at length. "I must kill it. It is too wicked, but it's the Bete du Bon Dieu, and every night it goes to pray on the tomb of St. Genevieve, and nobody dares to touch her for fear that Mother Angenoux should cast an evil spell on

"How big is the Bete du Bon Dieu?" "Nearly as big as a small retrievera monster, I tell you. Ah, I have asked myself more than once whether it was not she that took our poor mademoiselle by the throat with her claws. But the Bete du Bon Dieu does not wear hobnalled boots, nor fire revolvers, nor has she a hand like that!" exclaimed Daddy Jacques, again pointing out to us the red mark on the wall. "Besides, we should have seen her as

well as we would have seen a man." "Evidently," I said. "Before we had seen this yellow room I had also asked myself whether the cat of Mother Angenoux"-

"You also!" cried Rouletabille. "Didn't you?" I asked.

"Not for a moment. After reading the article in the Matin I knew that a cat had nothing to do with the matter. But I swear now that a frightful tragedy has been enacted here. You say nothing about the Basque cap or the handkerchief found here, Daddy Jacques."

"Of course the magistrate has taken them," the old man answered hesi-

chief or the cap, yet I can tell you how they are made," the reporter said to him gravely. "Oh, you are very clever," said Dad-

"I haven't seen either the handker-

dy Jacques, coughing and embar-"The handkerchief is a large one, blue with red stripes, and the cap is

are wearing now." "You are a wizard!" said Daddy Jacques, trying to laugh and not quite succeeding. "How do you know that the handkerchief is blue with red

stripes?" "Because if it had not been blue with red stripes it would not have been found at all."

Without giving any further attention to Daddy Jacques my friend took a piece of paper from his pocket and, taking out a pair of scissors, bent over the footprints. Placing the paper over one of them, he began to cut. In a short time he had made a perfect pattern, which he handed to me, begging me not to lose it.

He then returned to the window and, pointing to the figure of Frederic Larsan, who had not quitted the side of the lake, asked Daddy Jacques whether the detective had, like himself, been working in the yellow room. "No." replied Robert Darzac, who

since Rouletabille had handed him the piece of scorched paper had not uttered a word. "He pretends that he does not need to examine the yellow room. He says that the murderer made his escape from it in quite a natural way and that he will this evening explain how he did it."

As he listened to what M. Darzac had to say Rouletabille turned pale.

"Has Frederic Larsan found out the cuth, which I can only guess at?" he murmured. "He is very clever-very clever-and I admire him. Yet I have discovered many things."

"Moral or material?" I asked. "Several moral, one material. This.

And rapidly he drew from his waistcoat pocket a piece of paper in which he had placed a light colored hair from

CHAPTER VIII.

The Examining Magistrate Questions Mile. Stangerson.

WO minutes later, as Rouletabille was bending over the footprints discovered in the park, under the window of the vestibule, a man, evidently a servant at the chateau, came toward us rapidly and A. For that reason, called out to M. Darzac, then coming out of the pavilion:

"M. Robert, the magistrate, you there. know, is questioning mademoiselle. M. Darzac uttered a muttered ex- that you would dine there that evencuse to us and set off running toward ing?

the chateau, the man running after

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"We must know." said my friend.

"Let's go to the chateau." And he

drew me with him. But at the cha-

teau a gendarme placed in the vesti-

bule denied us admission up the stair-

case of the first floor. We were obliged

This is what passed in the chamber

of the victim while we were waiting

The family doctor, finding that Mile.

Stangerson was much better, but fear-

ing a relapse which would no longer

permit of her being questioned, had

thought it his duty to inform the ex-

amining magistrate of this, who de-

cided to proceed immediately with a

brief examination. At this examina-

tion the registrar, M. Stangerson and

the doctor were present. Later I ob-

tained the text of the report of the ex-

amination, and I give it here in all its

selle, without too much fatiguing

yourself, to give some necessary de-

tails of the frightful attack of which

you have been the victim? Answer. I

feel much better, monsieur, and I will

tell you all I know. When I entered

my chamber I did not notice anything

I want you to be as minute and pre-

cise as possible. I wish to know all

you did that day if it is not asking

too much of you. A. I rose late, at 10

o'clock, for my father and I had re-

turned home late on the night previ-

ously, having been to dinner at the re-

ception given by the president of the

republic in honor of the Academy of

my chamber at half past 10 my father

was already at work in the laboratory.

then took half an hour's walk in the

park, as we were accustomed to do,

before breakfasting at the chateau.

After breakfast we took another walk

for half an hour and then returned to

the laboratory. There we found my

chambermaid, who had come to set my

room in order. I went into the yel-

low room to give her some slight or-

uers, and she directly afterward left

the pavilion, and I resumed my work

with my father. At 5 o'clock we again

went for a walk in the park and after-

"Q. Before leaving the pavilion at 5

o'clock did you go into your chamber?

A. No, monsieur. My father went into

it, at my request, to bring me my hat.

there. A. Evidently no, monsieur.

"Q. And he found nothing suspicious

"Q. It is, then, almost certain that

the murderer was not yet concealed

under the bed. When you went out

was the door of the room locked? A.

No; there was no reason for locking it.

ion some length of time, M. Stangerson

and you? A. About an hour.

"Q. You were absent from the pavil-

"Q. It was during that hour, no

doubt, that the murderer got into the

pavilion. But how? Nobody knows.

Footmarks have been found in the

park leading away from the window

of the vestibule, but none has been

found going toward it. Did you notice

whether the vestibule window was

open when you went out? A. I don't

"Mile, Stangerson-I did not notice

"M. Stangerson-It was still closed.

I remember remarking aloud, 'Daddy

Jacques must surely have opened it

"Q. Strange! Do you recollect, M.

Stangerson, if during your absen-

and before going out he had opened it?

You returned to the laboratory at 6

"Mile. Stangersen-Yes, monsieur.

"Q. And you did not leave the labo-

ratory from that bour up to the mo-

ment when you entered your chamber?

ter nor I, monsieur. We were engag-

ed on work that was pressing, and we

lost not a moment, neglecting every-

"M. Stangerson-Good heavens!

"M. Stangerson-Neither my daugh-

"M. Stangerson-It was closed.

"Q. And when you returned?

Science of Philadelphia. When I left fear something.

We worked together till midday. We Jacques' revolver without telling him

"Q. What did you do on that day!

"Question. Are you able, mademoi-

to wait downstairs.

legal dryness:

unusual there.

ward had tea.

remember.

while we were away."

o'clock and resumed work?

thing else on that account.

below.

R. I. LONG

COUNTY SURVEYOR

Civil, Hydraulic and Irrigation Engineering, Enterprise, Ore,

TROY TIDINGS.

Troy, Jan. 23-Troy is still on the map. We have had snow, plenty of it, ice too, mall very little-wishes for a county bridge innumerable.

Troy was the center of excitement: Telephone meeting; bridge building discussed for further orders. Most of the settlers are very anxious about a bridge. Some few have refused to sign the petition and when it is against a man's interest to sign a petition he is excusable, but otherwise our thought is-well maybe he can't write.

904-000000000000000000000000 CHAS, A. AULT PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Residence 1 block east of Presbyterian Church Office in Ber-land Bullding, Enterpries.

oratory. He left me to execute the

errand, and I rejoined my daughter,

"Q. At what hour, mademoiselle, did

you go to your chamber while your

father continued to work there? A. At

"Q. Did Daddy Jacques enter the

yellow room in the course of the even-

ing? A. To shut the blinds and light

"Q. He saw nothing suspicious? A.

He would have told us if he had seen.

Daddy Jacques is an honest man and

"Q. You affirm, M. Stangerson, that

Daddy Jacques remained with you all

"M. Stangerson-I am sure of it. I

"Q. When you entered your cham-

shut the door and locked and bolted

It? Was not that taking unusual pre-

cautions, knowing that your father

and your servant were there? Were

you in fear of something? A. My fa-

ther would be returning to the cha-

teau, and Daddy Jacques would be go-

ing to his bed. And, in fact, I did

"Q. You were so much in fear of

something that you borrowed Daddy

you had done so? A. That is true. I

did not wish to alarm anybody, the

more because my fears might have

hardly know how to tell you. For

several nights I seemed to hear, both

in the park and out of the park,

around the pavilion, unusual sounds,

sometimes footsteps, at other times

the cracking of branches. The night

before the attack on me, when I did

not get to bed before 3 o'clock in the

morning, on our return from the Ely-

see I stood for a moment before my

window, and I feit sure I saw shad-

"Q. How many? A. Two. They

moved round the lake. Then the moon

became clouded, and I lost sight of

them. At this time of the season every

I would not quit the pavilion before

my father had finished the resume of

his works on the 'Dissociation of Mat

ter' for the academy. I did not wish

that that important work, which was

to have been finished in the course of

a few days, should be delayed by a

change in our daily habit. You can

well understand that I did not wish to

speak of my childish fears to my fa-

ther, nor did I say anything to Daddy

Jacques, who, I knew, would not have

been able to hold his tongue. Know-

ing that he had a revolver in his room.

I took advantage of his absence and

borrowed it, placing it in the drawer

of my night table.

to cause surprise?,

have? A. None.

"Q. What was it you feared? A. I

proved to have been foolish.

mademoiselle, you immediately

the time you were in the laboratory?

who was already at work,

the night light.

greatly attached to me.

have no doubt of that.

H. E. MERRYMAN SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER

U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor, Mining and Metallurgical Engi-neer Enterprise, Oregon.

W. C. KETCHUM

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think not. It was only when we reat me and tried to strangle me. turned to the pavillon at 6 o'clock that was nearly stilled when suddenly I we decided, my daughter and I, to dine was able to reach the Crawer of my there. At that moment I was spoken night table and grasp the revolver to by my gamekeeper, who detained which I had placed in it. At that mome a moment to ask me to accompany ment the man had forced me to the him on an urgent tour of inspection in foot of my bed and brandished over a part of the woods which I had demy head a sort of mace. But I had cided to thin. I put this off until the fired. He immediately struck a terrible blow at my head. All that, mon-sleur, passed more rapidly than I can next day and begged him as he was going by the chateau to tell the stewtell it, and I know nothing more. ard that we should dine in the lab-

"Q. Nothing? Have you no idea as to how the assassin could escape from your chamber? A. None whatever, I know nothing more. One does not know what is passing around one when one is unconscious.

"Q. Was the man you saw tall or short, little or big? A. I saw only a shadow which appeared to me formid-"Q. You cannot give us any indica-

upon me and that I fired at him. I know nothing more." Here the interrogation of Mile. Stangerson concluded.

tion? A. I know nothing more, mon-

sieur, than that a man threw himself

Rouletabille waited patiently for M.

Robert Darzac, who soon appeared. From a room near the chamber of Mile. Stangerson he had heard the interrogatory and now came to recount it to my friend with great exactitude, aided by an excellent memory. His docility still surprised me. Thanks to hasty pencil notes, he was able to reproduce almost textually the ques-

tions and the answers given. It looked as if M. Darzac were being employed as the secretary of my young friend and acted as if he could refuse him nothing-nay, more, as if under a compulsion to do so

The fact of the closed window struck the reporter as it had struck the magistrate. The circumstance of the dinner in the laboratory also seemed to interest him in the highest degree, and he had it repeated to him three times. He also wanted to be sure that the forest keeper knew that the professor and his daughter were going to dine in the laboratory and how he had come to know it.

When M. Darzac had finished I said. "The examination has not advanced the problem much."

"It has put it back," said M. Darzac "It has thrown light upon it," said Rouletabille thoughtfully.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

year I have generally returned to my NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS apartment in the chateau for the win-MEETING. ter, but this year I said to myself that

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Enterprise Mercanille & Milling Company will be held at he company's office in Enterprise)regon, at three o'clock p. m. do February 10th, 1909, for the parties, of electing directors and the transite Ion of such business as may proper y come before said meating.

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"Q. You know of no enemies you "Q. You understand, mademoiselle, that these precautions are calculated ing? A. Yes, but it gave a very feeble beds that favor the development of happened. A. I do not know whether I wersally successful in preventing

'Murder.' It still rings in my ears.

'Q. Did you dine in the laboratory? "Q. Are you accustomed to dine in the laboratory? A. We rarely dine

"Q. You uttered a loud cry? A. A. man was in my chamber, He sprang Mayfield.

"M. Stangerson-Evidently, my child, such precautions are very surprising. "A. No. because I have told you that I had been uneasy for two nights. 'M. Stangerson-You ought to have

told me of that. This misfortune would have been avoided. "Q. The door of the yellow room locked, did you go to bed? A. Yes, and,

being very tired, I at once went to "Q. The night light was still burn-

"Q. Then, mademoiselle, tell us what

had been long asleep, but suddenly I awoke and uttered a loud cry. "Q. Could the murderer have known "M. Stangerson-Yes, a horrible cry,